

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD;

WITH

Other Poems.

BY A LADY.

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MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS:

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD.

“ **W**HY is my charmer’s lip so pale ?

“ Why are his eyes so dim ?

“ Why does an icy chill prevail

“ O’er ev’ry torpid limb ?

“ In vain his passive hand I press,

“ While mine with anguish burns !

“ Unconscious of the fond caress,

“ No pressure it returns.

" No more his breath's reviving balm

" My trembling lip can feel !

" Ah, why does this oppressive calm

" O'er all his senses steal ?

" My only love ! we must not part !

" Thy precious life I'll save,

" Or ever clasp thee to my heart,

" And share thy early grave."

So Mary, Sorrow's youthful prey,

A dying husband mourn'd ;

Her bridal garments, late so gay,

To wreaths of cypress turn'd.

A parching fever seiz'd her frame,

Usurping Reason's throne,

And still she call'd on Francis' name,

And thought him still her own.

Too soon this mental sleep was o'er,
That eas'd a tortur'd brain;
Of past delight she dreams no more,
But wakes to present pain.

Excess of pain produc'd relief,
Too sharp the pang to last,
And time had wove, in spite of grief,
A veil to hide the past.

When soft content, that stranger guest,
(Return'd, alas! so late,)
Is chas'd from Mary's gentle breast
By heavy cares of state;

The realm her ancestors had sway'd,
Where fierce contention glows,
Demands a present sov'reign's aid
Its factions to compose.

Hither she hastens to support
Her fast-declining pow'r,
Condemn'd to leave the polish'd court-
She rul'd in happier hour.

Ah, what avail the splendid train
That on her footsteps wait,
The barge that glitters o'er the main,
The pomp of regal state?

White was the foam that onward flow'd,
Her vessel to pursue;
More white the lily hand she show'd
To wave a last adieu.

Bright were the sun's reflected rays,
Swift glancing o'er the wave;
More sweetly bright the liquid blaze
Her tearful eyelids gave.

Till darknefs veil'd it from her view
She gaz'd upon the fhore ;
“ Adieu ! thou land belov'd, adieu !
“ I ne'er fhall fee thee more.”

Soon the impervious gloom of night
This fading joy oppos'd ;
No more pale Ev'ning's doubtful light
The glimm'ring fcene difclos'd.

Yet Mary on the deck remain'd,
And thought the dafhing wave,
As oft fhe mournfully complain'd,
A mournful anfwer gave.

A calm, like Nature's laft repofe,
Lulls all the dying gales ;
O'er the fmooth fea no zephyr blows,
Or fports amid the fails.

France and the dawn now reappear
To Mary's watchful eye ;
Half pleas'd, she drops a softer tear—
She breathes a milder sigh.

But with the morn returns a breeze
To mock her secret pray'r ;
The swift-receding shore she sees
Melt into viewless air.

That parting pang absorb'd her soul ;
Unseen, blue light'ning flies ;
Unmark'd, tumultuous billows roll ;
Unheard, loud winds arise.

The furious tempest howls in vain ;
In vain the waters roar ;
Her vessel lives upon the main ;
She sees the destin'd shore :

Sees craggy mountains, half display'd,
Half hid by nodding pines,
Athwart whose awful depth of shade
The foaming torrent shines.

Sublime the tow'ring cliffs arose;
But softer views than these
A mind oppress'd by recent woes
Reanimate and please.

Mary, advancing to the land,
Shrinks from the novel scene,
Though Scottish nobles crowd the strand
To hail their beauteous Queen.

Who could behold and not admire,
Form'd as she was to charm!
Her glance the frozen heart might fire;
Her smile the fierce disarm.

Fair as a youthful poet's dream,
What pencil shall presume
To paint her eyes' ethereal beam,
Or emulate her bloom ?

Ah ! how that bloom with changeful hue
Betray'd her soft alarms,
When Darnly flash'd upon her view
In all his blaze of charms !

She mark'd the pure and vivid glow
That mantled o'er his cheek ;
The smile, disclosing lucid snow ;
The glance that seem'd to speak.

She mark'd his polish'd brow, half seen,
Half hid by auburn hair,
His native dignity of mien,
His all-commanding air.

Fancy and Love together flew,
Her yielding heart to warm;
There of his mind a picture drew
Congenial to his form.

But Nature on his form and face
Had all her art employ'd:
Without, was ev'ry winning grace;
Within, a dreary void.

Skill'd in whate'er attracts the eye;
To guide the chariot's speed,
Instruct the tow'ring hawk to fly,
Or tame the fiery steed;

Lead the gay dance with sportive ase,
Or throw th' unerring dart:
How could he fail, with gifts like these,
To melt a female heart?

For women, won by outward show,
The fate of Indians prove ;
And for delusive toys bestow
The gold of genuine love.

While rival Princes sue in vain,
Behold th' enamour'd fair
Assume th' indissoluble chain,
And deem it " light as air."

But soon she feels its growing weight,
As circling hours disclose
Defects, observ'd, alas ! too late
In him she rashly chose.

Love's transient blossoms, frail as fair,
Are born to bloom and die ;
Fatal the blast of chill despair,
Or rapture's burning sky :

But if Esteem's perennial root
Sustain the brilliant flow'r,
Lo! we behold ambrosial fruit
That ripens ev'ry hour.

No joy like this *her* fate bestows;
Her sorrows never cease;
Insidious friends, insulting foes,
Conspire against her peace:

A lawless priesthood, who detest
Each tenet she believes;
A rival Queen, whose envious breast
Superior beauty grieves:

A faithless Lord, whose vacant heart
No sense of honour warms,
Unfit to act a monarch's part,
Regardless of her charms.

Say what can sooth distrefs like this,
The tide of grief control,
Call back the fleeting form of blifs,
And cheer the drooping foul ?

Celestial Harmony, alone,
Omnipotent her sway ;
Subdu'd, around her echoing throne,
The Passions all obey.

Soften'd were Mary's poignant woes,
The lute when Rizzio held ;
But when his melting voice arose,
All sorrow was dispell'd.

Her ev'ning hours, by him endear'd,
Assum'd a fairer hue ;
While music charm'd, and converse cheer'd,
On downy wing they flew.

By friends the festive board was grac'd,
Selected from the throng;
Next to the Queen was Rizzio plac'd;
Her smiles reward his song.

A melancholy strain he chose,
So simple, sweet, and wild,
His hearers, ere the plaintive close,
Were of themselves beguil'd.

Such notes had ev'ry care expell'd,
Lull'd ev'ry mental storm,
When, lo! each swimming eye beheld
Lord Ruthven's fatal form.

By sickness wan, by malice grim,
Fix'd in a deadly stare,
(Dark armour casing ev'ry limb,)
His fiery eyeballs glare.

His voice the fearful silence broke ;
Sepulchral was the tone ;
A lurking dagger, as he spoke,
Best made his purpose known.

And now a desp'rate band are seen ;
Their sov'reign leads them on ;
Distraction in his alter'd mien,
Reproaches on his tongue.

The last keen sting of injur'd love
In Mary's bosom glows,
As he who should her guardian prove,
Appears among her foes.

At Rizzio's breast fierce Ruthven aims ;
Too well the blow succeeds ;
In vain she weeps, in vain exclaims—
Her hapless fav'rite bleeds.

Th' assassins check her feeble aid ;
He bleeds before her eyes ;
And thence, by brutal force convey'd,
A mangled victim dies.

From Italy's enchanting coast
The tuneful wand'rer came ;
No treasures did the minstrel boast ;
No titles deck'd his name,

Till Mary's favour rais'd him high,
And Envy did the rest :
Swift her envenom'd arrows fly
To torture Darnley's breast.

Misguided man ! the trait'rous band
On whom thy favour shines,
For causeless vengeance arm thy hand
To serve their dark desigus.

Thy soul for them is stain'd with guilt ;
Thy honour lightly priz'd ;
The blood of innocence is spilt ;
The bond of love despis'd.

Yet when th' abyfs was half reveal'd,
To which their footsteps led,
Where bold Rebellion, unconceal'd,
Rear'd his audacious head ;

Then Darnley, shuddering on the brink,
Aghast survey'd the scene ;
From guilt so black behold him shrink ;
Behold him guard his queen.

Contending parties shake the state,
And, lo ! in prosp'rous hour,
To turn the tide of Mary's fate,
Her foes are in her pow'r.

In vain, alas! she cannot bend
To act a prudent part:—
A vanquish'd foe seems half a friend
To ev'ry gen'rous heart.

Yet, as all Nature were in arms,
Her fondest hopes to blight,
'Mid fresh contentions, new alarms,
Her child beheld the light.

But nothing can the charm destroy
Maternal love imparts;
Unfullied source of purest joy!
Sweet balm of wounded hearts!

She feels her throbbing breast expand;
She feels new passions spring;
But, ah! disease, with heavy hand,
Attacks the youthful King.

His errors vanish from her thought;
 Repentment wakes no more;
And pardon for a father's fault
 Her infant seems t'implore.

Such freshness as the dews impart
 In some half-wither'd flow'r,
Reanimates the drooping heart
 In reconcilment's hour.

But ev'ry joy it might afford,
 Her wayward fates deny,
Who sees a form she once ador'd
 In fev'rish mis'ry lie.

Her soft endearments sooth his pains,
 The lamp of life relume,
Expel the poison from his veins,
 Restore his wonted bloom.

Pleas'd his returning bloom to see,
She ne'er suspends her care,
Until a damsel, on her knee,
Prefers this earnest pray'r:

"If e'er my faith and zeal were tried,
"Oh grant my first request;
"And be the hour that hails me bride,
"By thy dear presence blest."

That useful science to refuse,
The Queen could never gain;
Empower'd by each lib'ral Muse
All others to attain.

She silenc'd oft the maid's request;
As oft it was renew'd;
Till, too importunately prest,
Her firmness was subdu'd.

A thousand strange foreboding fears
Her anxious bosom swell,
As intermingling smiles with tears
She bids the King farewell.

For with a more unwilling breast
No warbler of the grove
E'er left the little precious nest
That centred all her love.

Sure there is some mysterious pow'r
Of Nature undefin'd,
Forerunner of pale Mis'ry's hour,
Within the human mind.

'T was this deprest'd the pensive Queen
Through all the tedious night;
In vain the masque, fantastic scene,
Courts her averted sight:

More pleas'd to view the rising sun
Each fullen vapour chase ;
In hope, before his course was run,
Her Darnley to embrace.

Ah ! cease to form the waking dream !
Bid faithless Hope depart :
No more that sun's enliv'ning beam
Shall warm his clay-cold heart.

His tresses, waving to the blast,
Are bath'd in morning dew ;
His cheek, on earth's cold bosom cast,
Has lost its roseate hue.

So falls the lovely mountain ash
Beneath the woodman's arm ;
So, scorch'd by lightning's vivid flash,
Requies each vernal charm.

Involv'd the dark transaction lay,
In Myst'ry's fable shroud,
Repelling each intrusive ray
That sought to pierce the cloud ;

Till History's reverted eye
The doubtful prospect clears,
Unfolding crimes of deepest die,
Pursu'd through rolling years.

She sees Lord Murray's subtle mind,
Intent on regal pow'r,
The ties of nature all unbind,
And guide that fatal hour ;

Sees how he pointed Bothwell's aim
To Scotland's envied crown ;
And smil'd to think so weak a claim
Must wither at his frown.

While Bothwell, with vain hope elate,
Expands the flutt'ring sail,
Intent, from ev'ry breath of fate,
To catch a prosp'rous gale ;

Full well he knew that nought was done,
Though murder stain'd the hour,
Until the mournful Queen was won
To share her throne and pow'r.

To win her was no easy task ;
A thousand wiles he tried ;
And long conceal'd, with fairest mask,
His perfidy and pride.

But when he seiz'd his beauteous prize,
To fraud uniting force,
Say, did no gallant chief arise
To curb his daring course ?

a

Alas ! no gallant chief arose
In that disgraceful scene ;
No loyal subjects interpose
To free their captive Queen.

Bewilder'd in the maze of Fate,
O'ercome by thousand fears,
From so forlorn, so sad a state,
One path alone appears :

And that to Hymen's awful fane
Her erring steps inclin'd ;
A fancied freedom to regain,
A real chain to bind.

Malignant fiends ! with plotting pale
The fatal knot is tied :
So far your deep-laid schemes prevail,
Your Queen is Bothwell's bride.

Ill-fated bride! oh, had she known
Whose sacred blood he shed,
Reluctance had to horror grown,
Or into madness spread.

Now Murray seeks to stain her fame
With falsehood well disguis'd;
Perfidiously behold him blame
The act he once advis'd.

No kind congratulating eye
Illuminates the gloom;
Rebellion lifts his standard high,
And waves his crimson plume.

That sullen form, Domestic War,
In horrid splendour shines,
As thund'ring from his brazen car
He hovers o'er the lines.

But what a tide of anguish flow'd
In Mary's gentle breast,
While through embattled ranks she rode,
By countless cares oppress'd!

The rising tear obscur'd her view,
As fancy would pourtray
How many bleeding hearts must rue
“ The fortunes of that day.”

Her husband, wrapt in gloomy thought,
Fear'd for himself alone,
And felt how dearly he had bought
The shadow of a throne.

Now e'en that shadow from his sight
With swift evasion glides ;
His heartless soldiers shun the fight,
And ev'ry hope subsides.

His harafs'd Queen consents to yield ;
Her foes bespeak her fair ;
Alone he quits the bloodless field,
Abandon'd to despair.

'T is thus, when raging billows swell,
Two vessels, far from shore,
In tempests take a last farewell,
And part to meet no more.

Scarce did this joyless union know
Of one short moon the date,
When nuptial vows from int'rest flow ;
Such their untimely fate.

Murray's cabal, of conquest proud,
In smiles triumphant beam :
So lightning gilds the fable cloud
With momentary gleam.

Ere Echo's voice could well repeat
The promise they had made,
Their unsuspecting Queen to cheat,
That promise was betray'd.

No mode of insult they neglect
To royalty subdu'd;
Defraud her of their ow'd respect;
Reville in language rude.

To a rebellious rabble shown
In this degraded state;
An hour so sad was yet unknown
Through all her chequer'd fate.

Another, yet more sad, arose,
Of yet a darker hue;
For, lo! a scene of dread repose,
A gloomy, hopeless view!

A lonely castle rear'd its head,
With antique turrets crown'd,
Which o'er the lake beneath it spread
For centuries had frown'd.

There the grim form of wan Despair
To Terror's glance succeeds,
Through grated windows as they glare,
And tell of nameless deeds.

Each echoing sound the heart appals,
Or hints some deep design ;
Yet, oh ! within these dreary walls
Was Mary left to pine.

To silent grief, and treatment rude,
She there had fall'n a prey,
Could tow'rs or battlements exclude
Love's all-pervading ray.

Though ne'er her guardian's breast of steel
To pity gave access,
His brother had a heart to feel
For beauty in distress.

Yes, Douglas, in thy gen'rous breast
Each noble passion glows :
The pang for innocence distress'd,
Th' intent to brave her foes.

The ardent wish thy worth to prove
By deeds of high renown,
Compassion, loyalty, and love,
The fair assemblage crown.

How did thy heart exulting leap
The prison-doors to ope,
When all was sunk in balmy sleep,
Save Love and trembling Hope !

Through many a chill and darksome way
Thy grateful charge was led ;
Through deep-refounding vaults, where lay
The long-forgotten dead ;

Through halls where massy columns rise,
Where painted casements gleam,
And nearly rob thine eager eyes
Of Cynthia's pallid beam.

With doubtful joy, too near allied
To tremulous affright,
So Orpheus led his far-fought bride
Through realms of endless night.

At length they feel the freshen'd breeze
Rise from the lake below,
And there the castle's pond'rous keys
A votive gift bestow.

The placid spirit of the wave,
Reclin'd on willows dank,
A tuneful, thrilling murmur gave,
That crept from bank to bank.

Full many a keen, impatient eye,
Their little bark descried ;
Full many a warrior's heart beat high
Against his steel-clad side.

Mary, with ev'ry nerve new strung,
And ev'ry thought serene,
Light on the bank exulting sprung,
And felt once more a Queen.

Encircled by a chosen band
Who bore her from her foes,
The morning breeze her bosom fann'd
Before she sought repose.

* *Bark*
from thei

Nor by insipid sleep entranc'd
Were then her mental pow'rs ;
Visions of hope around her danc'd,
And strew'd her couch with flow'rs.

Such visions floating in her mind,
When slumber was dispell'd,
How sweet in real life to find
Their airy tints excell'd !

With secret joy, and conscious pride,
The feeling heart o'erflows,
When friendship, by misfortune tried,
A purer lustre shows.

Where'er her kindling glances turn'd,
The brave fresh ardour knew,
Intense the flame of valour burn'd,
Swords from their scabbards flew *.

* *Burke*.—" I thought a thousand swords would have leaped
from their scabbards."

All the fublimar virtues rife
To combat on her fide ;
But Prudence, with averted eyes,
Her ufeful aid denied.

Soft ftealing through nocturnal glooms,
Departs the cautious pow'r ;
Her lamp Lord Murray's tent illumes,
And gilds his penfive hour.

Ye who on light occafions feel
Unequal pulfes beat,
The life-blood round your hearts congeal,
And from your cheeks retreat,

Think what fufpenfe *her* bofom rends,
Spectatrefs of the strife,
On whose eventful clofe depends
The colour of her life ;

And think, as from the wood-crown'd height
She eyes the bloody field,
Marks each vicissitude of fight,
And sees her army yield,

What scorpion thoughts around her heart
Cling with envenom'd fangs,
While Terror's airy, shapeless dart,
Still threatens fiercer pangs.

Through tangled wood and dewy dell
The trembling Beauty flies,
And fancies ev'ry breeze to swell
With war's tremendous cries.

Not swifter is the falling star,
And, ah! not half so bright,
That shoots by Cynthia's silver car,
Dazzling the eye of Night.

The torrent thund'ring from the hill,
Or whisp'ring shrub below,
Alike her sicken'd senses chill,
And paint her cheek with snow.

Awhile she sinks in still repose,
To dumb despair resign'd ;
But soon from this depression rose
Her firm, unconquer'd mind.

" All is not lost," she sparkling cried ;
" Nor clos'd is yet the scene ;
" One gen'rous friend remains untried—
" That friend a sister Queen.

" Bound in Oppression's chain of steel,
" 'T was once her lot to groan ;
" And sure she then was taught to feel
" For sorrows like her own.

“ Then why, by timorous delay,
“ Infult her offer’d love,
“ Or in this realm reluctant stay,
“ Fresh injuries to prove?”

“ Recall those words,” the Prelate said,
Who, with paternal care,
Guarded his Princess as she fled,
And pour’d the helpless pray’r.

Down drops the crozier from his hand ;
His rev’rend form he bows ;
His arms in suppliant guise expand ;
Indented are his brows.

“ Recall,” he cries, “ the rash decree ;
“ Behold thy prostrate friend,
“ Who little thought th’ imploring knee
“ To aught, save Heav’n, to bend.”

“ Yet, lovely victim, pause awhile,

“ Ere thou so blindly trust

“ A specious rival, full of guile,

“ Envious, severe, unjust.

“ Pass not her kingdom's utmost bound ;

“ Pause o'er that awful bourn ;

“ Once past, 't will yawn (a gulf profound),

“ Precluding all return.”

Though vain his words, and vain his tears,

From sympathy she wept ;

Then, smiling, fought to calm his fears,

Yet still her purpose kept.

Alas ! how often do we find

Misfortune's rigid lore

With obstinacy taint a mind

Too flexible before !

The road Suspicion never found
To Mary's artless breast;
And soon, too soon, on English ground
Her hasty footsteps rest.

Her guardian angel o'er his eyes
Folds each ambrosial wing;
His bosom heaves—celestial sighs
Diffuse the sweets of spring.

The trembling object of his cares,
Before she seeks repose,
For England's artful Queen prepares
The story of her woes.

With secret joy Eliza read,
Yet unimpassion'd air,
Exulting in the net she spread
A rival to ensnare.

On subtlety she now refines,
And with insidious strain
Around her beauteous victim twines
An adamantine chain :

Then from her eye, by slow degrees,
Bids Liberty depart,
And Hope's warm summer current freeze
Congealing round her heart.

Immur'd ere half her course was run ;
A Queen, without a throne ;
A mother, yet without a son,
Sad, helpless, and alone ;

To solitude's unvarying gloom,
From social pleasures hurl'd,
In beauty's full luxuriant bloom,
Secluded from the world ;

As ling'ring creep her tedious years,
Monotonous and slow,
In long perspective still appears
Unutterable woe.

What wondrous pow'r can reconcile
To life, in scenes like these,
Can teach Distress to wear a smile,
Adversity to please?

'T is she who smooths the rugged way
That Slavery must tread,
Compels Despair to yield his prey,
Supports the captive's head.

'T is she who lights the dreariest cave
Where lonely Anguish pines,
Who to the portals of the grave
Her brightest torch assigns.

Fair emanation of the skies,
Religion, heav'nly maid,
On thee the suff'ring faint relies;
To thee she calls for aid.

As through the lonely glade she roves,
(Indulgence oft denied,)
And mourns amid embow'ring groves,
Still thou art by her side:

Nor absent when she fondly bends
To frame the splendid vest,
With ev'ry shining flowret blends
The sorrows of her breast;

And sighs to think the senseless gold
Her slender fingers trace,
That much-lov'd son shall soon enfold,
Whom she may ne'er embrace.

But when she turns the sacred page,
Thy presence most is felt,
When truths divine her mind engage,
And heav'nly transports melt.

An hour so tranquil never shines
On that relentless dame,
Whose acrimonious bosom pines
In Envy's wasting flame.

Within a prison's cheerless round,
Sunk in a captive state,
Though eighteen circling suns had found
The victim of her hate;

That baleful passion nought can cloy;
It feeds upon her heart,
Shuts ev'ry avenue to joy,
Seems of herself a part.

At last behold the torrent roll,
And rise to such excess,
The guilty dictates of her soul
No pity can repress.

While pleasure lurks in either eye,
Behold her wither'd hand
Condemn the Scottish Queen to die,
And speed the dire command.

The Scottish Queen survey'd the scroll
With firm unalter'd cheek ;
Her air, the transcript of her soul,
Magnanimous and meek.

Between the mandate and the deed,
That sham'd the morning light,
Were but a few dark hours decreed—
A single winter's night.

And yet in that contracted space,
 (Short passage to the tomb!)
As many virtues as might grace
 A long existence, bloom.

With fond addresses to her friends,
 Her rapid pen o'erflows;
And full forgiveness she extends
 To all her callous foes.

Around her faithful servants press;
 Their grief too deep for speech;
With aspect kind, and soft address,
 She bids farewell to each.

While they retire to wake and weep,
 And dread the rising dawn,
Compos'd she sinks in balmy sleep,
 From ev'ry pang withdrawn;

And fees, in lucid robes array'd,
Aerial seraphs fly,
Whose branching palms those glories shade,
Too bright for mortal eye.

Still in her mind the vision glows,
And o'er each feature beams,
As pale the conscious morn arose
In faint and sickly gleams.

Compos'd she slept, triumphant wakes,
Above all earthly care,
With step sublime her couch forfakes,
And pours her soul in pray'r.

Arrives the messenger of death;
For, lo! her hour was come!
Awe-struck, he trembles, pants for breath,
Unconquerably dumb.

She reads his message in his eyes ;
Then, with no weak delay,
Short'ning her commerce with the skies,
Intrepid leads the way.

With shrieks, and lamentation loud,
Her women fill the air ;
Around the block a weeping crowd
Their piercing sorrows share.

By warm devotion now impell'd,
Her lip with ardent kifs
Imprints the sacred sign she held,
Sole pledge of future bliss.

And now her snowy neck she bends,
Raises her swimming eyes,
Clasps her white hands, her form extends—
The axe—alas !—she dies !

LADY NOTTINGHAM'S
CONFESSION:

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD.

EXTENDED on the bed of death,
Lo! Nottingham's pale Countess lies,
Strives to retain her fleeting breath,
And rolls her inexpressive eyes.

Severely flashing gloomy fires,
By fits they light the darksome scene,
As oft she tremulous inquires
If yet arriv'd the ling'ring Queen.

At length the folding-doors unclofe,
And great Elizabeth appears,
Whose pallid vifage clearly shows
That once ſhe feels a woman's fears :

For ſouls unmov'd on Danger's brink,
In fanguine fields, or whelming tides,
With ſtrange ambiguous terror ſhrink,
Near the dim couch where Death preſides.

Long was the ſilence—deep the ſighs ;
At length the ſuff'rer rais'd her head :
“ Behold this ring,” ſhe faintly cries,
And panting, preſt th' uneaſy bed.

Eliza gaz'd—and gazing felt
The pangs of flighted love return ;
A thouſand ſoft ſenſations melt ;
A thouſand fiery paſſions burn.

O'er her wan cheek the waving blush
Declares the conflict in her breast,
Where all those tender feelings rush,
That time and rage had long suppress'd.

To Essex mould'ring in his tomb,
A sigh, a tear, was surely due;
But soon the heart that seal'd his doom,
Could triumph o'er remembrance too.

And thus she frames the stern reply:
" That hated ring offends my sight;
" Hide it from ev'ry human eye,
" Deep in Oblivion's endless night.

" In Passion's warm meridian hour,
" That gem my fervent fondness gave,
" To one who learn'd to scorn my pow'r,
" Despise my love—my vengeance brave.

“ Take this, I cried, and should the tongue
“ Of Malice blast thy laurel crown,
“ Should envious rivals do thee wrong,
“ Or I, e’en I, unjustly frown;

“ Nay, couldst thou, Essex, faithless prove,
“ Couldst thou incur a traitor’s lot,
“ Produce this sparkling pledge of love,
“ And all, I swear, shall be forgot.

“ Yes, had his overweening pride
“ Vouchsaf’d that promise to recall,
“ My gallant hero had not died,
“ Nor I, in secret, wept his fall.”

“ Didst thou in secret weep his fall?
“ Thy tears will drown my struggling soul;
“ I hear the fiends of vengeance call!
“ I see the blood-stain’d billows roll!

“ Vindictive Effex, from his grave,
 “ I see all pale and wan arise;
 “ Not such as when this ring he gave,
 “ To wake compassion in thine eyes.

“ Then Hope within his bosom glow’d;
 “ Her roses blossom’d on his cheek;
 “ His lip with eloquence o’erflow’d;
 “ Oh hadst thou, cruel! heard him speak!

“ Yet I, who heard, his trust betray’d;
 “ My lord’s ambition kindled mine;
 “ By that resistless passion sway’d,
 “ O’erjoy’d we saw his star decline.

“ The guilty secret lies conceal’d
 “ Beneath our rival’s pall no more;
 “ Now, by these dying lips reveal’d,
 “ Trembling, thy pardon I implore.”

Th' invenom'd arrow in her side,
Eliza from the chamber ran,
And thus in frantic tones replied,
“Heav'n may forgive, I never can.”

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S
LAMENTATION,

ON ENTERING LEICESTER ABBEY AFTER HIS
DISGRACE.

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD.

HAIL! time-worn tow'rs, congenial ruins, hail!
For in your grass-grown courts, and mould'ring cells,
Your tott'ring arches, and your columns frail,
Of my fad fate the mournful image dwells.

'T was mine to rise pre-eminent like you;
(Why, busy Memory, revive the past?)
Detain the traveller's applauding view,
Reflect the sun-beam, and repel the blast.

Like you, o'er half a realm my shadow fell ;
Secure, like you, I mock'd the sable cloud ;
Like you, unmov'd, heard mutt'ring thunder swell,
Retorting ev'ry peal in echoes loud.

Meanwhile a faithless spring, with silent course,
My deep foundation slowly undermin'd ;
And, lo ! what once withstood a whirlwind's force,
Feels the light breath of ev'ry summer wind.

Hail, holy fathers ! look with pitying eyes
On the dim close of Wolsey's bright career ;
Waft on the wings of pray'r his parting sighs ;
Sooth his perturbed spirit with a tear.

Will you permit a poor forlorn old man,
Within the shelter of this calm retreat,
To linger out his life's remaining span,
And lay his weary bones beneath your feet ?

There, where in mournful sweep yon willows wave,
And seem, low murmuring, to chide my stay,
With hallow'd hands prepare a decent grave;
But let no pompous rites insult my clay.

Oh! had I serv'd my God with half the zeal
Each word and action for my king declar'd,
He had not left me in mine age to feel
The deep reverse mine enemies prepar'd.

Sav'd from the ferv'rish toil for pow'r and praise,
More elevated aims *your* lives employ,
The silent current of whose tranquil days
Flows to the ocean of eternal joy;

While my resounding, rapid, headlong course,
May to Perdition's dreary gulf have led,
Though Nature's hand adorn'd the copious source,
And vivid laurels by the stream were fed.

Your massy gates, ye pious brethren, close ;
No more for Wolsey shall their hinges grate ;
Here shall his dust, ere long, in peace repose—
His spirit flown to try her doubtful fate.

ON THE DEATH OF
THE REV. MR. COXE,
WHO WAS KILLED BY THE ACCIDENTAL
DISCHARGE OF A GUN.

ALONG the Derwent's rifted shore
Heard ye the note of Sorrow swell?
Heard ye the thrilling cadence pour
From Echo's soft responsive shell?

No wayward bosom sought relief,
Deploring visionary woes;
From deep-enrooted, poignant grief,
The sad and solemn sounds arose.

For, lo! a sudden summons came,
And Coxé, alas! was snatch'd away;
This moment health illum'd his frame—
The next, a bleeding corse he lay.

Was it for thee, mild faint, to fall
Victim to War's destructive art?
Some demon fure inspir'd the ball
That pierc'd thy philanthropic heart.

Could Virtue's form, imprinted fair,
That consecrated spot have fav'd,
Still hadst thou breath'd the vital air,
And Fate's malignant arrows brav'd;

Still had thy converse chas'd away
The fiends that life's short dream annoy,
Serene, instructive, wise, and gay,
Perpetual spring of social joy.

Her health-restoring wave to grace,
Where Matlock's wild-wood steep arise,
Still should thy quick perception trace
Beauties unseen by common eyes :

Enwrap in Fancy's airy dream,
Still should thy wand'ring footsteps rest
Where yon bold rock o'erhangs the stream
In pendent plants profusely drest :

And in yon simple, rustic fane,
Still should we find thy pious care
Impressing on th' unletter'd swain
The latent sense of ev'ry pray'r.

No flimsy, vain, theatric art,
Thy pulpit eloquence debas'd ;
'T was warm and ardent as thy heart,
Correct and classic as thy taste,

Far as thy pow'r could e'er extend,
'T was thine the sick'ning soul to cheer;
The wretched found an active friend;
The guilty drew a pitying tear.

For this did fav'ring Heav'n ordain
Thou shouldst in dissolution know
Nor keen regret, nor ling'ring pain :—
'T was the survivors felt the blow.

THE
ORPHAN'S PETITION.

HOW heavy fall the melting snows,
That chill my bosom bare !
How loud and shrill the tempest blows,
That whistles in my hair !

With frost benumb'd, with hunger faint,
Nor fire nor food have I ;
Oh ! listen to my feeble plaint,
And hear the orphan's cry.

Low in his grave my father lies,
Nor sees how I'm distress'd;
Clos'd are my mother's placid eyes
In everlasting rest.

In honest toil or cheerful ease
Their harmless lives they spent,
By Love instructed how to please,
By Labour taught content.

Of Grief we scarcely knew the name;
For still she shunn'd our door,
Till Sickness seiz'd my father's frame,
And Joy was seen no more.

Solemn, not dreadful, was his end,
Close of a well-spent life:
To Heav'n I heard him recommend
His child and hapless wife.

No tear *her* vacant eye could give;
As sinking by his side
She look'd at me, and wish'd to live;
She gaz'd on him—and died.

Then, ah! protect a friendless child,
And hear the orphan's cry,
Transplant me from the desert wild,
To bloom beneath your eye.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A

STORMY NIGHT.

WAKEFUL I listen to the beating rain,
And mark the mingling tumult of the storm,
While Ocean trembles through his dark domain,
And dashing waves incessant murmurs form.

Now the wild blast awakens pallid fear,
While birds ill-omen'd flap the ebon wing;
Now through the fullen gale, in Fancy's ear,
The piteous moans of dying seamen ring.

Unhappy they, who, on the sea-beat shore,
 Where howls the tempest with resistless sweep,
 In silent grief an absent friend deplore,
 And muse o'er all the terrors of the deep.

Oft shall their bosoms vibrate to the blast;
 Oft shall they view the main with sad affright;
 Danger to them in giant mold is cast;
 To them, eternal seems the joyless night.

Oh may the object of their fond alarms,
 As to propitious winds he spreads the sail,
 Woo'd by fair Hope, in all her blaze of charms,
 Defy the tempest, and enjoy the gale!

A LETTER

TO

MISS —, IN EDINBURGH,

AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.

WHILE climes untried thy roving steps invite,
And Love's transporting vows thine ear delight,
While fresh ideas from each object pour,
To add new treasures to thy mental store,
While he who flutter'd * first thy little heart,
Of that dear mansion claims the warmest part,

* " While, like an eagle in a dovecote, I

" *Flutter'd* your Volscians in Corioli."—CORIOLANUS.

Say, does the tender thought e'er dwell on me,
Whose hov'ring fancy ceaseless follows thee,
And while tempestuous seas between us roll,
Points to the north, thyself th' attractive pole.

Canst thou from present joys e'er steal an hour,
To worship Mem'ry in her secret bow'r,
And trace the scenes we have together known,
Since faithful Friendship mark'd us for her own?
Ah! pause a moment on that varied year,
To Melesina's heart for ever dear,
When to fair England's coast we shap'd our way,
Intent her loveliest features to survey.
Again let Fancy lead to Studley's shades,
Her tufted forests, and her op'ning glades;
Again, the calm sequester'd valley tread,
Where Fountain Abbey rears its shelter'd head,
Lovely in ruin, harmoniz'd by Time,
Whose pencil blends the soft with the sublime:

There shining ivy the dim cloister crowns,
The pointed arch in Gothic grandeur frowns,
The slender ash 'mid cluster'd pillars waves,
And shiver'd columns nod o'er mossy graves.
Again revive the blended notes we sung,
As o'er the Nidd's romantic stream we hung ;
Again the Derwent's winding tide survey,
Whose lofty banks unnumber'd charms display,
Where the pale rock through vivid foliage peeps,
And glowing berries paint incumbent steeps :
Or if these rural scenes no longer move,
The ball-room's recollected pleasures prove,
Where pendent tapers shed a double day,
And, if not happy, all at least were gay ;
Where Love, oft aiming at our easy hearts,
Twang'd his light bow, but still withheld his darts ;
Where frequent we the frolic dance have weav'd,
And ev'ry flatterer with smiles believ'd :
Yet not so charm'd, but we could well retire
To seek our slender board, our social fire,

There talk the remnant of the night away,
Provok'd and startled by unwelcome day.

Say, dost thou pant these moments to renew,
And the full stream of converse to pursue?
Say, with unchang'd affection, wilt thou hear
The voice that once was music to thine ear?
Or, hast thou doom'd our long-tried love to end,
And in the mistress quite forgot the friend?

Perhaps, e'en now, the awful vow has past
Thy trembling lips—thy future lot is cast;
“Death, only Death, can break the lasting chain,”
Great pledge of highest bliss, or sharpest pain.
But fair thy prospects: eight long years of love,
Unfed by Hope, no common passion prove.
May he who felt it, ever be the same;
And may the wing of Time but fan the flame,
When all Life's idle vanities are o'er,
And song, and dance, and beauty charm no more!

Still may it shine with one unclouded ray,
Diffuse a lustre on thy closing day,
Triumphant then to happier worlds arise,
And blaze for ever in serener skies!

R E P L Y

TO —,

WHO DECLARED THE WRITER COULD NEVER
MEET A FAITHLESS LOVER.

RISING in many a borrow'd name,
While Vanity's pernicious flame
Plays round my heart, wilt thou conspire,
My long-lov'd friend, to fan the fire?
No! let the prating coxcomb raise,
With empty breath, the transient blaze;
Let him in phrases learnt by rote,
On ev'ry feature seem to dote,
His anguish mourn in cheerful tone,
And praise my voice to hear his own;

But thou, to nobler purpose made,
Who need'st not flatter to persuade,
No more, my friend, in dulcet verse,
Imaginary charms rehearse;
No more ascribe to them the force
Of counteracting Nature's course,
Nor vow, that I alone shall prove
The joys, without the pangs, of love.

Go, search the universe around,
Whate'er most exquisite is found,
Some lurking evil still attends—
Some dragon still the fruit defends.
On Sicily's delicious isle
The Seasons all united smile:
See Flora's hand profusely fling
The rosy treasures of the spring;
While ruby-lipt Pomona pours
The summer's gay, luxuriant stores,

And Ceres waves her golden hair,
As 'twere eternal autumn there ;
Yet in this region of delight,
So sweet to sense, so fair to fight,
Not wreaths of incense-breathing flow'rs,
Nor citron groves, nor myrtle bow'rs,
Nor smiling harvests, can assuage
The dread Volcano's headlong rage ;
Behold the fiery torrent fall,
And one vast deluge cover all.

Thus, while with jocund step we rove
Along th' enchanted wilds of Love,
A little moment may destroy
The highly colour'd scene of joy,
And bid the fairy visions fade,
Wrapt in Despair's involving shade.

Guard me, kind Fate, from each extreme
Teach me to shun th' infectious theme,

And give my tranquil hours to roll
Free from this tyrant of the foul.

No need, for thee, of such a pray'r,
Thee, fickle slave to many a fair :
Variety's soft healing balm
Can Love's insidious venom calm,
With gentle force extract the dart,
Nor leave a trace to fear the heart.
Howe'er her flutt'ring wing restrain
From Friendship's pure and hallow'd fane;
There, with unfading myrtles crown'd,
And flow'ry fetters lightly bound,
To Constancy, celestial maid,
Be all thy adoration paid.

TO A

FAITHLESS WOMAN :

WRITTEN IN THE NAME, AND AT THE REQUEST
OF A FRIEND.

WHEN first I felt, with fond surprise,
The magic of thy forceful eyes,
With ev'ry hope and wish combin'd,
Thy image sunk upon my mind ;
When first I heard thy tuneful tongue,
Entranc'd on ev'ry word I hung,
And in my heart an echo found,
Responsive to the silver sound ;
But say, what language can disclose
The transport in my bosom rose,

When first those melting tones confess
An equal passion in thy breast ?

My former life a blank appear'd,
Insipid, joyless, unendear'd ;
For Love compell'd me to despise
All that my soul had learnt to prize ;
He flash'd his torch across my sight,
Eclipsing Friendship's paler light,
Check'd the aspiring wish for Fame,
Extinguish'd wild Ambition's flame,
Each rival passion lull'd to rest,
And reign'd triumphant in my breast ;
Alas ! his throne he there maintains,
Nor can thy falsehood break my chains ;
Pursu'd by thee through ev'ry clime,
Whate'er is lovely, bright, sublime,
Whate'er can strong sensations dart,
Expand the mind, or touch the heart,

Conveys thy image to my soul,
And bids the tide of anguish roll.

Think not I would thy pity move,
Or meanly seek returning love;
Or court the hand that flung the dart,
An healing balm to impart;
No—let my rival, hapless boy,
His transient hour of bliss enjoy;
In pangs like these he soon shall mourn,
Like me betray'd, like me forlorn.
I know the heart that could resign
A love so pure, so strong as mine,
Henceforth condemn'd for life to range,
Shall feel no pleasure but in change.

Unhappy state! my wrongs forgot,
I learn to mourn thy future lot,
Of ev'ry sop the conquest made,
By turns betraying and betray'd;

I fee thee to the grave defcend,
Without a lover or a friend.
No tender tear fhall bathe thy tomb,
Unlefs, perchance, through midnight gloom,
(Should Death a willing victim fpare,
Condemn'd the load of life to bear,)
I there may steal to watch and weep,
Lull ev'ry jealous pang to fleep,
Thy errors mourn, thy fate deplore,
And bid refentment wake no more.

TO LADY L——,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A TOY WHICH HAD
BELONGED TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

THE lightest gift that Friendship makes,
A brittle shell, a fading flow'r,
From *her* soft touch a value takes
Above the dreams of wealth or pow'r.

But if the shell, the flow'r, were known,
In scenes of bliss, too fair to last,
They boast a magic all their own,
And give existence to the past.

Alas! each blended charm endears

To *my* fond heart this simple toy,
Bestow'd by her my soul revere,
Memorial of departed joy.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

I LOVE to chafe the gently-ebbing wave,
O'er the light-furrow'd sand retiring flow,
Where soft and pure mild ev'ning breezes blow,
Each rude wind slumb'ring in his rocky cave :
Fair, blue-ey'd fea-nymphs here delight to lave,
Emerging from the flood, with warmer glow ;
And, hark ! I hear their choral cadence flow,
As on they sweep, some tide-worn bark to save.

While wide diffus'd, the melting music floats,
Melodious requiem to departing day,
The warbled languish * of their liquid notes
Fades on the raptur'd ear, and dies away.
Thus hope awakes her sweet illusive lyre,
To sounds that charm, and, as they charm, expire.

* " Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair."

COLLINS,

SONNET.

ON LEAVING THE COTTAGE OF LADY

E—— B—— AND MISS P——.

DEAR Mem'ry, guardian of each past delight,
Whose voice recalls the fleeting form of joy,
Select such tints as Time can ne'er destroy,
And in unfading hues, serenely bright,
The lavish beauties of that vale unite,
Where Friendship (only bliss unapt to cloy),
Taste, Science, Converse, all their spells employ,
And urge the circling hours with rapid flight.

The soft enchantment of the scene renew,
Re-echo oft the harp's melodious tale;
Inspir'd by thee, I still shall fondly view
The sweet recluses of Llangollen vale,
Still catch the accents of their last adieu,
And still their mountain-bosom'd cottage hail.

SONNET.

TO —,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER OF ADVICE.

THE feelings of a thankful heart,
For him who can so sweetly blend
Th' unerring guide and partial friend,
This timid voice would fain impart.

Not the lone pilgrim, doom'd to stray
Where frowning cliffs o'erhang the deep,
No voice to warn him from the steep,
No star to guide his cheerless way,

Can with more grateful ardour glow,
When sudden meteors o'er the skies,
In streaming brilliancy arise,
And point the precipice below.

Thy counsels thus Life's doubtful path illumine,
Mark the safe road, and chase the fatal gloom.

SONNET.

TRANQUILLITY.

DULL'D are those poignant feelings, once so keen,
Of pow'r t' invenom Sorrow's thrilling dart ;
The kindling blush no longer they impart,
Subdue my voice, or discompose my mien.
A not unpleasing languor, calm, serene,
Glides through my veins, and stills my tranquil heart,
Bids Expectation's restless form depart,
And drops the curtain on Life's busy scene :
For no fond cares to this vain world are due ;
Short and illusive all its bliss appears.
Bright as the rainbow on a distant view,
Hope's airy medium ev'ry joy endears ;
But while th' enticing phantoms we pursue,
They fade in mists, or they dissolve in tears.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

PENSIVE and sad, with bleeding heart I roam
O'er the Ionian sea's cerulean space,
While far from Arno's vale, my pleasant home,
The footsteps of illusive Hope I chase.

For no propitious breeze ascend my sighs ;
Unmark'd by me may Ocean foam or sleep :—
Who feels a tempest in his bosom rise,
Unmov'd beholds the fury of the deep.

The pilot gazing on my tearful eyes,
With friendly accent bids me cease to weep :
“ Safe is our little bark,” he joyful cries,
“ Though winds may rave, and threat'ning billows
sweep.”

Safe is our little bark !—so am not I,
Condemn'd Misfortune's coming storm to fly.

SONNET.

LET others court the cypress gloom;
There gaze on Cynthia's pallid beam,
Hang o'er the grief-recording tomb,
Or wander near the haunted stream.

Let others trill the song of woe,
And tell their plaintive tale aloud ;
Alas ! my tears refuse to flow,
I claim no pity from the crowd ;

Nor vainly strive, by foreign aid,
To sharpen Sorrow's poison'd dart :
Alike the sunshine or the shade,
When recent woes oppress the heart.

Then the white hours, in summer's best array,
Seem but to lead—a longer winter's day.

SONNET.
TO FANCY.

CEASE, Fancy, cease, tormenting maid,
To paint ideal woe ;
Why choose for me the darkest shade
Thy varied pencils know ?

From mournful views in vain I've fled
And turn'd my languid eyes,
If, on thy magic canvass spread,
Scenes yet more gloomy rise.

To break a heart that seeks relief,
Why use thy cruel skill ?
Enough this bosom knows of grief,
Enough of real ill.

Then bring gay dreams to cheat the sense of pain,
Pleas'd I'll embrace the dear deceitful train.

SONNET.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY WERTER.

ANOTHER has thy heart ; then let me chafe
Illusive Hope ! yet, Charlotte, tell me why,
Whene'er we meet, the love-resembling sigh
Steals from thy coral lips, and o'er thy face
The waving blush, with transitory grace,
Sheds roses, while the radiance of thine eye,
Like meteors streaming from a northern sky,
Flashes electric. Tremulous I trace
Each varying charm, and with a wayward smile,
Transmuting present bliss to future ill,
Extract delicious poison : o'er my soul
Inebriate then, what beauteous visions roll,
But leave me solitary, darkling, chill,
While sad realities the vacuum fill.

THE END.

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